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Trading With Russia

"I'd like to do some tradin'," said old Nick Lenine as he shuffled up to the store of Uncle Sam; "but I ain't got no money."

"Well, maybe we can fix up some sort of a swap," replied Uncle Sam. "Have you any eggs or butter or the like—anything I can use or sell?"

"Not exactly. You see, I've been so busy talkin' I hain't had no time to work. Besides, it's degradin'."

"Won't your neighbors help you out?"

"No. You see, I've been goin' out raidin' and the fool farmers up my way have got the fool idee in their fool heads that this is stealin'. I tells 'em that all things are in common, but it don't make no hit. They say what they sweat for is theirn, and what they raise they lock up."

"Oh, I think I remember you now. Aren't you the fellow that has been threatening to loot and burn my shop?"

"Well, seein' you're on, it ain't no use lyin'. I'm the chap, I reckon. But there aren't no call for you to be skeered of me now. I'm all in and I've reformed and willin' to do anything if 'tain't work. You'll trust me, won't you, comrade? Think of my kids."

"No, there's to be no business between us, I think."

"But say, mister"——

"What is it?"

"I ain't told you all. Look here. See what I've got. This is a necklace I chopped a woman's head off to get. Don't it shine? Here's a ring from a child—the finger came with it. It was pitiful, and I almost wished I hadn't done it. Here's gold I took from a borgoyse, pullin' out his teeth to get it. Hee, hee! Here's a crucifix that was a heirloom; here's an ikon studded with jewels that superstitious idiots kneeled before; here's vessels from a church; here's"——

"Get out of here, and get out quick! This is no 'fence.'"

A Square Deal to the Public

Senator Cummins, not imitating the methods of the gyrating Mr. Walsh at Chicago, whose unconquerable assumption seems to be that the public has an insatiable appetite for buncombe, has the grace to discuss the railway problem seriously. He is not interested in verbal victories gained in the profitless field of sneering cross-examination.

The railroad business suffers from lack of net income—that income in excess of operating expenses and taxes. Its illness is because expenses are abnormally high and because in recent months there has been a decline in the volume of revenue producing traffic.

But it is the first factor which is the more damaging. Passenger income is at a new high level, and in freight from March 1 to December 31, 1920, the number of ton miles moved increased 10 per cent over the same months in 1919, being larger than during the same period in any given year. Toward the end of 1920 came a material drop, but railway income account was in a bad state before this slump occurred. Nothing in the figures of Senator Cummins suggests any lack of railway efficiency. Railway managers have worked manfully.

The weakness in net income is primarily due to operating expenses, which is to say that it is chiefly attributable to the wage increases put into effect by public authority. The theory prevailed that railway wages had not kept pace with increases in the cost of living and with increases in other industries. It was the habit of the government to give practically all the railroad men asked.

Since a marked enlargement in the purchasing power of the dollar has occurred; but a rule that was held to justify higher wages is disregarded when its application would work for lower nominal wages. Real wages were never so high on the railroads as now, for on top of more dollars in pay envelopes comes a further increase by an enlargement of the dollar.

This policy cannot be pursued over any considerable period. To stick to it means another increase in rates which would further discourage business, slowly struggling to regain its feet; would gravely dislocate industry and disturb populations.

Moreover, it would not be fair to the masses of men and women who work in factories or on farms. They pay the railroad bill. The delusion is gone that the railroad business is profitable to its owners. According to Senator Cummins, the present net income of the railroads is only one-fifteenth of 1 per cent on the valuation (a low one) of railroad property made by the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is useless to talk of getting new investment on such terms.

The original mistake was made when the railroads were taken from the control of their owners. We cannot all at once get rid of the consequences of this error, but a start can be made in the right direction by construing liberally the authority given to public bodies to relax the rigidity of their control.

Another German "Victory"

Germany, whatever the outcome in Upper Silesia, certainly won the race to get the ear of the world and shout about her "victory." As a propagandist the German once again showed himself to be without a rival so far as speed, impudence and general noise are concerned.

The whole story as to the Silesian plebiscite is that the peace treaty called for a vote by communes, the result to assist the Allied Supreme Council in drawing the frontier. No award of the district as a unit was ordered. And carrying out the will of the voters as shown in the plebiscite and drawing a line between the Polish communes and the German communes would award about 80 per cent of the mines to Poland. Of course, general economic and geographic considerations also are to be regarded in the decision, and thus the problem still must be regarded as open. But in so far as the vote indicated anything, it indicated a rude jolt for German ambitions. So far from being a victory, it was a round defeat.

Yet so prompt and vociferous was the German outcry that almost the whole world took quite the contrary impression. The scene in Berlin was staged with the precision of a comic opera. At the given signal from the leader's baton the bells rang, bunting was broken out at every window and the villagers gave three rousing huzzas. The cables and the wireless bore long tales of this innocent rejoicing. "Germany has won! Germany has won!" sang the messages round the world. And, the first word counting more than the next thousand, Germany is still the victor in goodness knows how many minds.

It has not been possible to hand any very large compliments to the German people of late. Here is clearly an exception, representing a typical and lasting superiority. The German mind sleeps and dreams propaganda. It neither knows nor cares what the truth is. Why worry about such a trifle? The important thing is to get the right story across and get it across quick and loud. And we begin to suspect that the most completely hypnotized of all the audience are the German people themselves. To sleep and dream propaganda as the German people do is to end by losing all sense of truth. We should not be at all surprised if most Germans really thought at the present moment not only that all Silesia voted to be German, but that Germany won an overwhelming victory in the World War the fruits of which the wicked Allies were now trying to cheat her out of by talk of an indemnity which obviously should be paid to Germany by the Allies in return for her generosity in letting them escape destruction.

The Bergdoll Stain

The American Legion speaks of "the Bergdoll stain upon the nation's war record." It calls the case a disgrace to the nation and an insult to the A. E. F. and wants to know who won the war, America or Germany.

This is sensibly and, all things considered, mildly put. We suppose the late administration of the War Department, of which Mr. Baker was head, banked on the short memory of the American people. But it ignored the tenacity of the American Legion. And it forgot that stains do not wash out quickly. They have a way of spreading and defiling everybody that touches them and becoming in the end an unescapable and unforgettable blot.

The country still does not know just who made it possible for Bergdoll to escape—save as the general spirit of leniency to slackers which pervaded the War Department facilitated the absurd blunders that sent him on his way. But the country does know that a gross fraud upon the honor of the country was perpetrated and that the only persons who thus far have suffered therefor are the two American sergeants who tried to get Bergdoll back to be punished as he richly deserved. These two men are now convicted of crime and sentenced to German prisons, while Grover Cleveland Bergdoll lives on the fat of the land and jokes at his pursuers. Let us not overlook, either, the German populace that helped administer German justice upon the two American sergeants by hissing their lawyer.

We repeat that the Legion states the case mildly. A deserter from the American flag, a contemptible slacker who bought his way to safety, rolls about as a hero in Germany, and two American sergeants go to jail for trying to seize him! Who did win the war, anyway?

Postal Service Morale

Postmaster General Hays, it seems clear, made a most excellent impression on the hard-working members of the local postal service in his remarks to them the other day.

Mr. Hays is a politician, but not of the kind who have made the term of doubtful honor. He knows where politics ends and something else begins. He is not ashamed of having borne a part in party management or of having labored to carry elections. He would have political organizations virile competitors in efforts for the common good.

But he is little interested in how a man votes who sorts mail or lifts about the packages of the parcel post. For this he would have the quick eye and the willing hand, the courteous dealer with the public and the man who would get on by merit in his chosen calling.

As Postmaster General it may be predicted that Mr. Hays will be a great success. Somewhere out of the past the spirit of proselytizing has descended to him. He is an organizer and an inspirer. He is an evangelist in behalf of any work he undertakes. It becomes a cause to him—takes on moral significance. If public ownership and operation ever becomes a success it will be through the labors of such as this eager young Hoosier, who puts heart into his co-workers.

But not even Mr. Hays can make bricks without straw. So far as New York City is concerned, the postal service has been forced to get along with an equipment notoriously inadequate. The remainder of the country finds it difficult to visualize a great city—constantly assumes it is merely an enlarged small town. On the financial side the local postoffice is run much as the income tax is collected. The city is to pay, pay, pay, that the men at Washington may spend, spend, spend.

The Jurywoman's Husband

Apparently there is no other way. New Jersey husbands must learn to cook. The courts there refuse to consider household duties sufficient cause for exemption from jury duty. The dinner hour may find the new jurywoman detained at court. The deserted husband must cook or go hungry.

But let us not waste sympathy. The avoidance of the kitchen by the average male is not so much from ignorance as from disinclination. Cast on a desert island, or just off on a hunting or fishing trip, the masculine half of humanity does not starve by any means. Of course an open fire in the woods is more alluring than the kitchen range, but that is a mere detail. The preparing of food is a fundamental human instinct.

So when the husband of the jurywoman receives word that his wife will not be home, he will be philosophical and put on an apron. And if she isn't home when it is ready he will understand her feelings when he telephones, as he sometimes does, that he'll be late for dinner to-night. At least, he will know that getting dinner is not an unmixed blessing, and not be in the state of mind of the East Orange man who, when notified that his juror wife was detained, sent back word that it "served her right."

Uplift by Colors

Anything, apparently, is better for a prisoner than punishment. Thus the warden of East View Penitentiary advances the ingenious theory that paint is the true agent of regeneration. Give a man the proper background, and his thoughts and feelings will automatically adjust themselves to it. A cheerful cell will have a persuasive moral effect. The theory is obviously one to suggest experiment. Every color may not make the same appeal to every person. There are those who have a violent aversion to some particular color. Perhaps the cell would have to be repainted for each new occupant. To put a criminal who reacts favorably to blue in a red environment would be fatal.

That the worst of men may have kindly impulses is no new idea. Gilbert, one of the most quotable writers since Shakespeare, has told us how the criminal, when not intent on crime,

> "Loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling,
> And listen to the merry village chime."

But note the proviso. It is only in his off moments, so to say, that he is amenable to skyey influences. There is nothing to show that after his hours of relaxation in the lap of nature he is a wiser and a better man.

In a penitentiary, of course, the wrongdoer is under restraint. The soft grays or dull greens with which a beneficent Uplift would envelop him might have time to get in their perfect work. Long contemplation of a soothing color scheme might in the end make his heart like that of a little child. The theory is at least as plausible as others which have been suggested as infallible remedies for an evil disposition.

In the Fourth Chess Round

In the first three games of the Lasker-Capablanca chess duel in Havana neither master has been pinked by the rapier strokes of his adversary. The Cuban says, probably with his tongue in his cheek, he will not be surprised if twenty-four games in succession are drawn.

Steinitz used to maintain that a draw was the ideal result of perfect chess, but sporting instinct tells one that there would be something the matter with a game that, pressed to its ultimate possibilities, nobody can win. No; if Capablanca can't beat Lasker and Lasker can't beat Capablanca it simply proves they are evenly matched, but some day some Einstein theory will pop up to demonstrate that these great masters knew only the rudiments of a pastime already 2,000 years old.

The chances are that after a few more rounds the players will quit their sparring and try to deliver some real punches. And Capablanca is likely to deal the knock-out blow. It must be exhausting to Dr. Lasker in a climate and environment strange to him to shoot thousands of intricate combinations through his tired brain cells for hours on end. But the debonair young master of Havana can stand it. On the whole, it still looks as though Dr. Lasker may go home to Berlin when the match is over to add another chapter to the book he has been writing on The Philosophy of the Unattainable.

"Human Interest" Stories

Reporters' Gems Should Not Be Anonymous, Says Gelett Burgess

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Isn't it a little unfair to give as much space as you do in to-day's issue in praise of The Tribune's story of young George Mahoney's errancy without naming the talented author of the sketch?

The reporter who carved that gem of purest ray serene is surely as worthy of having his name advertised as are any of your special writers. As an admirer of clean, graphic writing I request that you publish it.

It seems to me that, in the interests of art, it is time for The Tribune to break the laws of the newspaper Medes and editorial Persians which condemn writers to anonymity until they have signed special contracts and are assigned to special columns. Why cannot a so-called "human interest" story, for which freedom is given to depart from mere news values, be signed at least by initials, even if it is not raised to the dignity of a special correspondent's work by a full signature?

To my mind such a story requires more imagination and more literary skill than reporting sporting events or the criticism of books or the drama. It is akin to fiction in its use of human material. As such its merit should be rewarded. I believe it would add considerably to the charm of The Tribune if its readers could in this way make the acquaintance of its best reporters.

GELETT BURGESS.

New York, March 22, 1921.

[The story of little George Mahoney's adventure was written by Robert B. Peck.]

The Brussels Medical Plan

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The report in The Tribune on Monday, March 21, concerning the cooperation of the Rockefeller Foundation with the Medical School of the Free University of Brussels fails to recognize the part which the university and city authorities have played in the elaboration of the plan and exaggerates the contribution of the foundation.

The program for the development of the hospital and medical school in Brussels represents chiefly the ideas of the medical leaders of the city, who have the hearty support of the municipal authorities. It was because the Rockefeller Foundation was convinced of the essential soundness of the plan that a contribution was made.

Dr. A. Depage took the initiative in organizing a nurses' training school as a memorial to Edith Cavell and Mme. Depage. For this he raised a fund of 5,000,000 francs. With great magnanimity he has merged his plan with that of the university and has contributed his funds to the common undertaking.

Of the total additional resources to be made available—estimated at 100,000,000 francs—the city and university are to contribute 57 per cent and the Rockefeller Foundation 43 per cent, which at the present rate of exchange would be $3,500,000.

GEORGE E. VINCENT,
President, The Rockefeller Foundation.

New York, March 22, 1921.

"Anglo-Saxon-Americans"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In one of your editorials today you notice a "brand new hyphen—the Anglo-Saxon-American." Since any Bolshevik, Sinn Feiner or pro-German, by right of birth in this country or by naturalization, may call himself an American, the descendants of the people who made what the term used to stand for are naturally something else. For a long time they have described the difference and themselves as Anglo-Saxon-American. The organizers of the St. Patrick parade very properly recognized the difference. MARTIN LEONARD.

New York, March 21, 1921.

Departed Days

(From The Detroit Free Press)

Oh, what is so rare as a day upon which nobody begins a propaganda or starts a "crusade."

The Conning Tower

THE CANNIBAL

The critic is a cannibal—
He feeds on what you write.
He boils you in his big tureen,
And slays you in his might.

The choicest bit of poetry—
The essay analytic
Are merely daily dinners for
This cannibal, the critic.

Some Maeterlinck for breakfast,
Some Chesterton for dinner,
And for his lunch, the Russian bunch
Will satisfy the inner.

The literary cannibal—
On books his jawbone bites.
He reads and reads and reads and reads,
Then writes and writes and writes.

FRECKLES.

"Well," said the Office Cynic, as he read that Mrs. Bourasse had received a present of a $26 bottle of perfume from Mr. Swarts and that she, in return, had bought him a pair of gold cuff links for $10, "she had a fairer sense of exchange than most of 'em."

THE LETTERS OF DULCINEA

Grayce dear—

Spring has "came." I'm glad. Now I can revel in the great outdoors. I simply love the wide, open spaces. And winter makes you feel so cooped up. I can hardly realize that next Sunday is Easter. But tempus "fidgets."

I have been reading Clare Sheridan's Diary. You know she's that portrait painter who etched Trotsky and that other one. I don't care so much about what she actually *did*, but the little "sidelights" on what she thought—I always say that's the important part. While I was reading the book I was often startled to notice how she often almost echoed my own thoughts about life. Listen, Grayce.

"I love humanity, with its force and its weakness, its ambitions and fears, its honesty and its lack of scruples, its perfection and deformities."

"It is often through little accidents that one's life is altered."

"I claim that the mere fact of being a woman alone arouses the chivalry of those one meets."

"So long as he is sincere, and convinced he is right, *then he is right.*"

"Freedom is an illusion. There really is not any in the world, only the freedom one creates intellectually for one's self."

"I love the sea, and the sound of the sea, and the big ship has become like a little world."

"Endeavoring to overcome difficulties is like battling up hill against the wind on an autumn day. One comes out of it with a sense of health and glow."

I feel, Grayce, it is a fine book. It is fascinating to read the thoughts of people who have done things, had their share in the world's work.

Well, ta-ta. Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

Fondly, DULCY.

"I went to see ———, whom I thought was in a position to get the visé.—From Clare Sheridan's Diary.

The elided name, palpably, is Cyril.

To our bigoted way of thinking, Mrs. Sheridan's animadversions on H. G. Wells constitute her Diary's most absorbing portion. "H. G.," she writes, in Moscow, "of course deplores the discomforts and the unnecessary lack of privacy. He says he simply could do no work under these conditions. To him are absolutely necessary the morning bath, the daily papers, the quiet breakfast, and the leisure and the peace that are required to get through one's correspondence. Of course here one has neither papers nor correspondence, and that ought to give the leisure to think! But if one is so constituted that one cannot work without the start of a hot bath it is lamentable to be in Russia. Oh, H. G.—dear H. G.! I am very devoted to you, but you sadly need shaking out of your habits." We dissent. If those are Mr. Wells's habits, let the world conform to them. Nobody, we find, stays up late to read the work of us whose boast it is that we can work anywhere, under any conditions.

"One Woe Doth Tread Upon Another's Heels, So Fast They Follow"

[From The Tribune]

ARDMORE, Okla., March 17.—Clara Smith Hamon was found not guilty today of the murder of Jake L. Hamon.

ARDMORE, Okla., March 20.—Clara Smith Hamon, acquitted Thursday of having murdered Jake L. Hamon, was baptized to-night in the First Christian Church of Ardmore by Dr. Clayton S. Brooks, its pastor.

ARDMORE, Okla., March 21.—Clara Smith Hamon late to-day signed a contract with a motion picture company to produce pictures for the next two years, she said to-night.

Something is wrong with the movies. The title of the screen version of "Sentimental Tommy" is to be "Sentimental Tommy."

The Retort Uxorial

[From the Old York (Me.) Transcript]

To the Editor of the Old York Transcript:

In your last week's issue I read the following notice, which I presume refers to myself:

"Whereas my wife, Alice E. Miller, having left my bed and board, I refuse to pay any more bills of her contracting."

Harry D. Miller.

York Village, Me., March 4, 1921.

I wish to say that if Mr. Miller had any bed, I would like to know where it is, as all the furniture that was in our house was owned by myself except a stove and a Victrola.

Dated at York Village, Me., March 14, 1921. Alice B. Miller.

One of the sad things about the Stillman disclosures is that the Clawson Sonnets, precipitated, their author says, by Mrs. Stillman's charm, beauty, etc., aren't better sonnets. And, certain sign of a slipshod elegiast, he calls her "you" and "thee" in the same poem.

If there is anything worse than a pretty fair sonnet, unless it be pretty good violin playing, we should like to be apprised as to its identity.

Perhaps we could evolve a half-way comical paragraph from it.

F. P. A.

Return to Normal

Citizen's Opinion That It Could Be Brought About by Restoring Individual Rights—Too Much Regulation

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The Tribune already has referred to a discussion on the subject of "Return to Normal" that took place at the National Republican Club on March 12.

All of the distinguished speakers who took part in this discussion stated that a return to normal was desirable. Many valuable suggestions were made; but what was said, taken as a whole, seemed, to the writer, to overemphasize the part to be played by governmental action in accomplishing the desired result.

Undoubtedly public action is needed, but it is at least doubtful whether a change in the methods of public regulation of private business will do any good. In point of fact the regulation of private business by public action is an innovation in our free society. The greater part of the law that has controlled the ordinary affairs of the citizens of this country has been natural law, either moral or economic, and not political law. The untrammeled operation of natural law is historically normal, while the regulation of private business by political power is historically abnormal.

This being the case, it seems that the way to return to normal lies not in the adoption by public power of new rules for the regulation of private business, instead of those now operating, but in minimizing the restrictions and control that already have been imposed. It lies, moreover, as stated by United States Senator Calder at the discussion mentioned, in the reduction of tax burdens engendered by the enlarged exercise of public power and by its extension to subjects not heretofore regarded as lying within the legitimate scope of governmental action.

The founders of the Republic recognized the body of the common law as constituting, subject to the Constitution, the ordinary rule of conduct for the people of this country. This law was based on the usages and customs of private persons as ascertained and declared by the courts and was not imposed upon the people by the state. By the adoption of the common law the founders of the Republic recognized the supremacy of moral and economic law as developed in civil liberty. Indeed, one of the avowed objects of the Constitution was, as all know, "to secure the blessings of liberty." To this end the policy of the new state confined the administration of public power to things deemed essential to public safety and to efficient administration, and it interfered as little as possible with the private rights of citizens.

It may be that, in exceptional instances, public regulation of private business may be required at this time in order to remedy flagrant abuse of economic power; but the record of history reveals that, even under the government that preceded the establishment of this Republic—a government autocratic in administration but popular in legislative methods and policy—the rule of law based on the usages of the people had developed a society that, in respect to liberty and happiness in private life, compared most favorably with any other civilization of which history has any record.

It is not, in this letter, possible to refer to the specific principles of economic law that until recent years have automatically controlled the business of our people. Indeed, the way in which these principles operated may not be generally known. But the efficiency of their operation is evidenced by the place that we hold among the nations of the earth and the high standard of individual prosperity prevailing in this country in normal times. It has, moreover, become generally understood that political interference with private business not only restricts the liberty of citizens but frequently intensifies the evil that it seeks to remedy.

Strangely enough, a considerable element of our people seems to have no desire for the restoration of normal business conditions. This element proposes to maintain, or even to extend, the regulation of private matters by public authority. A majority, however, seems to agree with President Harding that there is "too much politics in business and too little business in politics," and, so believing, this majority will doubtless concede that the way to return to normal is to restore to the citizens of the country the unrestricted enjoyments of the individual rights of liberty and property that they heretofore have had.

CITIZEN.

New York, March 22, 1921.

Goods Partly German Made

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Mr. Lloyd George has pointed out Germany has not sufficient gold to satisfy her creditors and has no raw material, as she is an importer, not an exporter, of raw material. This narrows Germany down to manufactured goods for export to creditor and neutral nations. Further, creditor nations do not desire payment in manufactured goods for distribution in their home markets, on account of the economic disturbance that would follow.

Here is a suggestion which, if it possesses any merit, could be developed along the lines of manufacture to which it would apply:

Germany could export to creditor nations goods in process (which might be considered as raw material), goods to be finished and distributed in the various markets to which they had been exported. The economic disturbance should in this way be minimized, as skilled labor would not be affected. Unskilled labor in Germany and skilled labor in creditor nations would benefit. C. AUBREY VAUGHAN.

New York, March 22, 1921.

A Taxpayer's Grievance

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Now that the Federal government has found that it has made an error in collecting taxes it is not entitled to, I wonder will the New York City Board of Assessors revise its assessment list and correct overcharges. I own some property in Brooklyn. My neighbor is getting more income out of his house than I am; in fact, most of the houses surrounding me are getting more income. Yet I am assessed more. Why should I be compelled to take this matter to the Supreme Court?

TAXPAYER.

Brooklyn, March 17, 1921.

Freak of Fortune

(From The Washington Star)

One of the ironies of fate is the contrast between the present situations of Debs and Bergdoll.

Lenine's Real Purpose

World Bolshevism Under the Cloak of Commerce

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The commercial treaty between England and Soviet Russia is of vital importance to the business world; especially is it of interest to me, since I was in Soviet Russia for one year, returning about three months ago.

Soviet Russia is the nucleus of an international movement to sovietize the entire world; its purpose is to destroy the capitalistic form of government and in its place to erect a communistic state, whereby individual efforts shall be eliminated, free trade abolished, the means of production of private individuals confiscated, private property requisitioned and all lands and real property nationalized. The nation not only shall rule politically but economically and commercially; therefore any business done with any corporation or individual of Soviet Russia is only a subterfuge, because there are no business corporations in Soviet Russia. The government of Soviet Russia is the only owner of every industry, shop, factory and store; any individual attempting to do any business, buying or selling, in Soviet Russia, is considered a criminal. Thousands of Russian citizens are in prison for no other offense than because they were trying either to buy or sell.

I would like to be informed on what basis England expects to do business with the Russian people. Perhaps England intends to do its business directly with the Russian government. If that is the case England unconsciously is helping the Soviet government in propagating its international cause, to sovietize the entire world, and since England occupies a spot upon this earth she herself will be affected in the future.

The Russian leaders are always ready to promise when it suits their purpose, and especially at the present time, when many uprisings are taking place all over Soviet Russia and their government is starting to crumble; they are ready to accept any conditions imposed upon them in order to give them a chance to tide over what they think the critical period and to satisfy the clamoring of 90 per cent of the Russian people, who are not communistically inclined.

But, as a matter of fact, the leaders of Soviet Russia intend to carry their communistic vision into practice; they believe in a movement to sovietize the world. In order to accomplish their object a great deal of propaganda is necessary, and propaganda can be successful only under the subterfuge of commercialism.

I want to warn the American people not to follow the example of England. We should protest against any commercial treaty between the United States and Soviet Russia until Soviet Russia shall return to its people what honestly belongs to them and shall establish a real democratic form of government. JACOB H. RUBIN.

New York, March 21, 1921.

The Modern Attitude

(From The Boston Transcript)

Benjamin Franklin, in pursuit of fortune, walked into Philadelphia carrying a loaf of bread under his arm. Times have changed. The up-to-date young man who fares forth on similar quest wants to hire a taxi and eat to the accompaniment of a jass band.

Those Good Intentions

(From The Washington Post)

Hell is paved with pistols their owners didn't intend to use.